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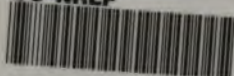
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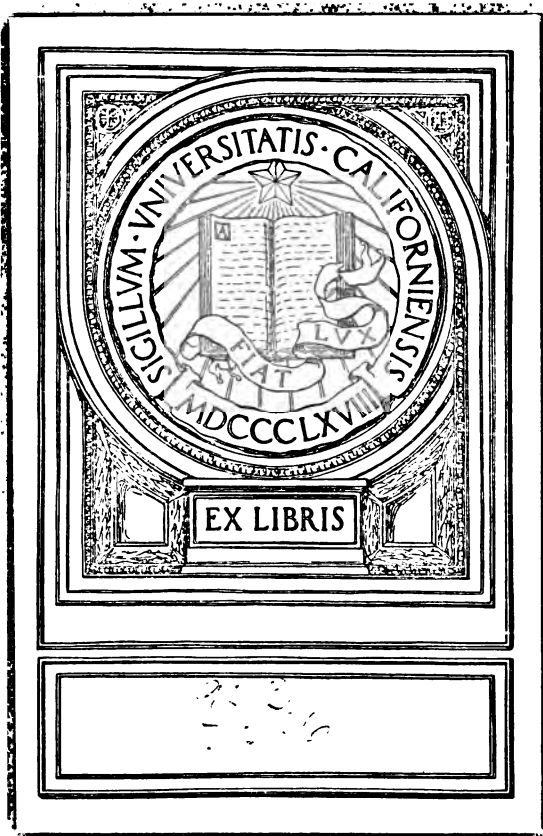
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THE
DEBATE, AND DIVISION:

AN EPISTLE.

UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

LONDON:

**PRINTED BY B. M'MILLAN, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN,
PRINTER IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY.**

**SOLD BY R. TRIPHOOK, OLD BOND-STREET; J. CAWTHORN, COCKSPUR-
STREET; AND SHERWOOD AND CO. PATERNOSTER-ROW.**

1821.

TO VIKU
AIRBORNE

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THE

DEBATE AND DIVISION:

AN EPISTLE.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

YOU compel me once more to renew my old song:
Your replies are as short, as your silence is long:
All I glean'd from the scrap you transmitted in June,
Was a promise (not kept), that you'd write again soon:
(In a scrawl too, like Parr's, very awkward and hurried:)
And for ought I can tell, you are now dead and buried.

The three last laconic epistles you wrote,
Have in length scarce exceeded a Treasury note,

B

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Which, though brief, often makes ministerial men dance
 In the House a most early and constant attendance;
 And the Whig summons, penn'd by Dun——n, that emblem
 Both of patience and zeal, in conciseness resemble 'm—
 I suppose so, at least: but, though haply they might have won
 My support now and then, I could ne'er get a sight of one.

My new servant, I'm told, was complaining, that most of his
 Time has lately been wasted in walks to the Post-office;
 And last week he so often return'd empty-handed,
 That all errands of that kind are now countermanded.
 Though you'll say, that my methods of giving a hint are coarse,
 I must say, I foresee a sad end to our intercourse;
 From your sloth and neglect, superadded to mine,
 It will very soon die of a rapid decline.

I remember, my friend, when we first corresponded,
 You wrote oftener for some time, than even Sir John did;
 For you sent all the news I could covet or seek,
 Like the St. James's Chronicle, *three times* a week;
 And then *once* (like the Monitor, late Anti-Gallican)
 But were still as exact, as a clerk in Change Alley can;

Yet I'm bound to acknowledge, that during that hubbub
 In the Lords, you quite vied with that cunning old cub, Bubb,
 (I, of course, mean Lord Melcombe), and sent me a diary,
 Whose exactness e'en Copley could scarcely come nigh, or Rae.
 On the other hand, since that affair of the Queen's,
 You've appear'd only monthly—like most Magazines;
 And I'd boldly, (besides that your letters are shorter), lay,
 That you'll (like some Reviews) soon come out only Quarterly.

But soft—the door opens—pray what have we here?
 They say, talk of old Nick, and he's sure to appear—
 It's no wonder I thought you forgetful and slow:
 Here's a letter from you, dated three weeks ago,
 Introduc'd by a note from your friend, who acknowledges,
 With a tone of regret, and a thousand apologies,
 He mislaid your dispatch; which he happen'd to cram in
 To the draw'r of a desk he forgot to examine!

Pray, in future don't think of entrusting your answers
 To the care of such gadding and thoughtless young lancers:
 Though, when suddenly thrown out of Parliament, most men
 Grudge the shillings or pence, which they pay to the post-men;

Yet, believe me, I'd much rather pay double postages,
 Than your letters should come by uncertain or slow stages.

You express much surprise, that I write you so gaily,
 (When you fear'd, bile and spleen would have led me to Baillie):
 And can talk of lost honours with such calm philosophy,
 Just as Scarlett and Halford sometimes treat as dross a fee.
 Being shorn of my beams and political consequence,
 You suppos'd, that, ere now, I'd have certainly gone sick hence,
 And have tried to dispel my *ennui* and chagrin,
 By a trip to Bath, Cheltenham, East Bourn, or the Steyne.
 Your compassion and wonder are quite thrown away—
 My content and enjoyment increase ev'ry day:
 I no longer take part in committees, debates,
 Blanks, amendments, returns, schedules, riders, and rates—
 Or receive ev'ry morning at breakfast the Votes,
 Parliamentary Papers, and Treasury Notes;
 Learn the number of workmen employ'd at the docks:
 Or of children who died since last year of small-pox;
 What the average proceeds of the duty on salt are,
 And the strength of the medical staff at Gibraltar;

The net imports of sugar, since twelve, from Tobago,
 And the total consumption of millet and sago;
 The amount of old stores now at Plymouth on sale,
 The reports on the game laws, and Ilchester jail—
 The accounts from the Bank, on which Maberly feeds,
 And Petitions in print, which e'en Hume scarcely reads—
 (By the bye, a most useless abuse of expenditure,
 And I heartily wish you would see and amend it, Ure;
 Move, that papers *unprinted* should lie on the table,
 Which excite no more inter'st than yesterday's play-bill);
 Yet I've still both pursuits and amusements in plenty;
 (Tho' my plans might, to some, seem a mere *far niente*);
 And besides, one's exempted from payment of fees,
 Which are always most large, when you give—what you please:
 There's a pound to the man who brings Papers and Votes,
 And another to him, who takes charge of great coats—
 E'en the poorest must give (and not dare to complain),
 Just as much as Lord Belgrave, Ward, Peel, or Fox-Lane.
 I'm too frequently idle: but never so lost in ease,
 As to lay on the shelf Tully, Burke, and Demosthenes.

(Though not quite such an orator, doubtless, as *** is),
 And peruse, with increasing delight, Aristophanes:
 Or from Lucian cull humour, and ethics from Plato:
 Or in Sallust admire the stern virtues of Cato:
 Glean political lore from the Old or New Times:
 Envy Smith's happy knack of combining odd rhymes:
 Learn from Pope to despise all that's sordid, or mean:
 Study tenderness, friendship, and love in Racine:
 Seek, with grateful emotion, that Volume of Truth,
 Which supports us in age, and should guide us in youth;
 Where instruction and comfort abound in each page,
 For the poor or the rich, the unlearn'd or the sage:
 Thus I live, quite exempt both from envy and notice,
 And may well quote from Horace, *hoc erat in votis*.

If I'm not much mistaken, you've twice been a Candidate,
 Yet I quite forget *when*: for I've seldom at hand a date:
 And have never contriv'd (tho' you fail'd not to burn
 In both contests your fingers) to gain the return—
 (Tho' I well recollect once how nearly you got in,
 For you lost, by one vote, your election, like Dettin)—

But you can't decide, not having made the experiment,
 Whether losing one's seat should cause sorrow or merriment.
 So, in aid of your judgment, I'll fairly pourtray
 The adventures and labours of one single day;
 When I tell you most solemnly, *crede experto*,
 Don't suspect that I mean to embellish, like Vertot;
 If you doubt the correctness or truth of my journal,
 When you next ride to ———, appeal to the Colonel:
 If you lay before him each objection and stricture,
 I'm persuaded he'll vouch for each stroke in my picture;
 But if that's not enough, I'll agree to your printing it;
 For I hope there's no harsh, rude, or ill-natur'd hint in it;
 And such trifles won't seem, in this candid and civil age,
 E'en to W—rtley himself, to be breaches of privilege.

About half after eight,—but stop; what am I saying?
 Half past eight's not the moment, that ushers the day in;
 For at midnight's dread hour, the cathedral's loud bell
 Tolls the new day's commencement, and yesterday's knell.
 Thus, on Sunday, some clerical Heyles at a Club, are
 Never willing to play, before midnight, a robbery

And three friends, looking out for a fourth man, would ruffle
 Much their tempers, by wishing they'd bet, deal, or shuffle;
 Heav'n forbid I should blame their refusal to play;
 But 'twere far better still, if they stay'd quite away:
 For, the moment twelve strikers, in their turn they cut in,
 With the salvo, that playing on Monday's no sin.

While the Goddess, by posterity's finger'd,
 Having heard her repeater strike at three, fondly linger'd
 In that fam'd saffron bed of her husband Withnurs!
 And while Rothschild was making the sum of his bonus's,
 (For a share of which land, from Jewish hold being we in!)—
 What pursuit did that house of much want, B.P., in?
 Not in night-gown and slippers, preparing for bed;
 Not reclining on soft downy pillows his head,
 Fondly dreaming of H—the one, bare, beauty and wit;
 Not comparing, like Copland, Tilly with Pitt;
 Whilst nonsuited antagonists wail at the d—d—d Lens;
 And whilst Owen explains, with unwearied benevolence,
 Parallellograms, ploughs, manual labour, machinery;
 Or, like Parr, conning over the charms of a Deanery,

And infecting a parlour with fumes of tobacco—
 Or like (name not the wretched dopes!) cuning at macao :
 Not contemplating F—loy, with wonder and extacy,
 Whose eclipsing attractions each rival is vext to see,
 At the Duchesse de Frias, or Madame de Lieven's :
 Or compiling, like Boswell, Pope, Johnson, Rowe, Stevens,
 Ritson, Theobalds, Reade, Warburton, Hammer, Malone,
 Though more fit to enrich us with lore of his own—
 Or, like half a dozen prelates, I don't mean to slur 'em,
 Busy counting the age—and revenues—of Durham,
 Whilst the mind's eye forsooses new translations from Liverpool,
 And considers, what aid either Sidmouth can give, or Pole—
 Or, like Lansdowne, intent on each virtue of Burleigh :
 Or, like Buxton, (on nights, when the House rises early),
 Whose heart glows with zeal unabating and endless,
 Framing plans to protect the forlorn and the friendless,
 Or reclaim the poor stripling, who heedlessly trod
 In the mazes of vice, to himself and his God.
 No : it finds him—at least it too often found me,
 Just resuming my place, on returning from tea.

(Those, who wish to keep seats, wafer neat little squares
Of coarse foolscap behind, with their names, and—"at prayers)."

Though for more than one hour I've been taking French leave,
To give both mind and ears a much-wanted reprieve,

I find one, whom I left speaking, still on his legs;

(Yet I've thrice drain'd the tea-pot, with Fife, to the dregs—

Fife, whose heart has been fashion'd with Nature's best ore;

Fife, who loves his King much, but his Country still more).

C—ning still leans his head on his finger and thumb,

Londond—ry still smiles—still Br— B—t looks grim:

While the S—, except when he's whispering to Knox,

Seems as woe-begone quite, as if jam'd in the stocks:

Though you've no place secur'd, you may sit at your ease,

Where the long file of names represents absentees.

Then our hero sometimes, if you'll give him but due rope,

In the course of two hours takes you all over Europe!

And bewilders each auditor, saint, sage, or dunce,

By discussing at least twenty subjects at once—

The neglect of poor Ireland—the fall in her staples—

The nefarious designs of vile despots on Naples—

Paints the Manchester carnage—renews his attacks on Hay—

Strides from Parga to Mexico, Norway, and Saxony:

And at length compares Castlereagh's Irish atrocities

With Napoleon's mild reign—O how grievous a loss it is,

“ That the greatest of monarchs—who never unfurl'd

“ War's standard, except to give peace to the world,

“ (Whom for one *I* shall ever name Emp'ror of France),

“ Victor, always by skill—vanquish'd only by chance ;

“ Whom my Learned Friend taunted just now as ambitious,

“ But in whom e'en that fault almost ceas'd to be vicious”—

(*Here a murmur*)—“ Yes, yes—I repeat it again!

“ One, who march'd into Germany, Russia and Spain,

“ To diffuse the rich blessings of order and freedom—

“ By an act of injustice, whose grossness strikes *me* dumb,

“ Should be sent to that sterile bleak rock, St. Helena,

“ (Just before a staunch patriot could serve a *subpena*)—

“ Where no wretch would, by choice, were he ever so poor, go!

“ Recollect too the barbarous outrage on Gourgaud!

“ How the Noble Lord's satellites bullied and kick'd him!—

“ Him, that horrible Alien Act's ill-fated victim!

- " And, Sir, here I must say, that, unless to go on you meant
 " In the same mad career, you'd destroy that old monument
 " Of the system so foul, (here the core gentle cheers)
 " Which was blindly pursued during fifty dreary years!
 " Sir, the Noble Lord smiles! he should blush! since his name,
 " For his share in these crimes, will be branded with shame,
 " And I'd say, (were I gifted like Grattan or Flood),
 " That, in Ireland's sad page, it's recorded in blood!
 " I hear Gentlemen cough! be assured, Mr. Speaker,
 " If they murmur once more, I shall keep them a week here!
 " I had something to charge Sir Nathaniel Constant with,
 " And to dwell on the harshness our ~~Victory~~ ^{Victory} credits Zant with:
 " The blood shed by the crew of a custom-house cutter—
 " The immense falling off in our exports of butter—
 " The fell massacres sanction'd in Greece by the Porte—
 " The insidious dispatch of Sir William A'Court;
 " Whom, I doubt not, instructions from home most disgraceful
 " Taught to aid the old monarch, that perjur'd and base fool.
 " Sir, to whom does John Bull, that wild print! owe its great run?
 " To the arts of its powerful apostle and patron!

And now all men of taste, when they hear Peel's lips, are
 Countermanding their tea, or deserting their supper;
 When attracted, as needles are drawn by a magnet,
 They no more can escape, than a camp from a drag-net;
 Even S—cl—r, so restless, sits still as a stock;
 And Sir Robert V—~~the~~ maddens looks twice at the clock;
 All his reasoning, his ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ arrangement, is link'd—
 And his manner, how temp'rate! his voice, how distinct!
 Nay, you'd wonder (as I once, at half after two, did)
 That he'd spok'n for an hour; at the time he concluded:
 Neither Tory, nor Whig, had abandon'd his seat;
 Each would think it high treason to sound a retreat;
 Amid cheers long and loud, when he sits down in triumph,
 E'en the Whig he'd been answering, scarcely would cry "humpf!"

Now the Speaker has lent both his ears,—and his eye,
 To a staunch Whig, who even with Tories stands high;
 One, who speaks without guile, preparation, or art;
 For his language and thoughts flow direct from the heart;
 One, whose useful career, solid virtues adorn,
 Panegyric and model for ages unborn.

" Who arrays all his powers against Liberty's standard ?

" And by whom is our Queen still degraded and slander'd ?

" Sir, the crimes of the Noble Lord is the blue ribbon

" Must be trac'd, not by me, but by some future Gibbon !

" I could scarce recount all, had I twenty loud tongues !

" And, at present, a grievous complaint on the lungs

" Has attack'd both my nerves and my physical strength,

" And disables me wholly from speaking at length"—

(Here Lord Binning and Holmes scarce suppress a loud laugh,

For his speech has just lasted an hour and a half)—

" Sir, I can't with the Noble Lord joy on his levity ;

" I perhaps owe the House an excuse for my brevity ;

" Some allowance due to the state of my chest :—

" I shall now only enter my solemn protest

" 'Gainst a system, treacherous and destructive to last,

" And the Noble Lord's acts, present, future, or past !"

Thus concludes his brief speech : and the choice friends who heard it,

More especially ~~Mr~~ ^{Mr} Wood, Hobhouse, and Burdett,

Most obligingly lodge a faint cry of "*hear, hear,*" in

Which the Chronicle next day reports as "*loud cheering* !"

He abounds in good humour, and sound common sense, and is
 And most keenly resists every idle expense,
 His aversion to Pitt nothing human can fiddle,
 And his friend Charley Fox is far too much his idol,
 Even Perry himself won't maintain he is impartial,
 And he wishes the House were a kind of Court-Martial,
 Where both C—ning and Van could at once be cashier'd,
 With the whole crew, by whom they're supported and cheer'd.
 "Why maintain, at our cost, useless thousands in arms,
 When our yeomen and sheals are forsaking their farms?
 "Sir, the country now stands on the brink of its ruin,
 And the Noble Lord's system has caus'd our undoing.
 "Of the few, who have capital, who would embark it,
 In a fairer, when he knows there's no chance of a market?
 "Why rear cattle, or raise many bushels per acre,
 If you can't find a sale with your butcher, or baker?
 "Whilst the flour of last year rotts unsold in granaries,
 I've the comfort to know, I've supported the tax.
 "Sir, the Treasury hirelings may whine, loat, and guff-fish,
 That can act like—the Members for Sussex or Suffolk.

- " Who, not daring to vie with the Member for Bucks, shun
 " Or oppose ev'ry plan for reform and reduction;
 " But come forward at last with a tardy confession
 " Of the country's distress, at the end of the Session,
 " And are praising my friend, who, I trust, will be seen
 " Representing, for many a good year, Aberdeen.
 " Sir, I'm not one of those, who can blow hot and cold:
 " I've sat here forty years, and am now growing old:
 " But I may without vanity dwell upon *one* trait of my life:
 " In my past public life, and proclaim to my country,
 " That, while Pitt carried on his destructive career,
 " I oppos'd him consistently, year after year
 " All the time-serving minions and sycophants courted him,
 " But, thank Heav'n, I, in no single instance supported him!
 " It's to him that we owe increas'd duties on salt,
 " And the taxes on candles, soap, leather, and malt;
 " Of the evils we suffer, Pitt caus'd nine in ten;
 " And unless there's a change both of measures and men,
 " We shall soon be involv'd in the gloomy abyss
 " (Let the Court, if they please, take my warning amiss;

" It perhaps is the last they may ever receive."

" Which corruption and folly conspire to achieve."

He concludes amid thunders of loud, Whig applause.

There succeeds, for about half a minute, a pause:

All the Tories are mute as so, with dignified air,

T—rney lays down his hat, and addresses the Chair.

Folds his arms—knits his brows, and stands to me side inclin'd,

But looks back now and then, and is cheer'd from behind.

" Though I long'd to take part in the present Debate;

" I consider'd it right and decorous; to wait,

" That His Majesty's Ministers might come and

" Just to notice the speech of my Honorable Friend.

" But these slight are their constant, may daily, resources.

" And now pass quite unheeded, as matters of course.

" Sir, the look, with which each of them boldly defies me,

" Might, if any thing could excite wonder, surprise me.

" But they all have of late been so often admonish'd

" To no purpose, that now I am no longer astonish'd.

" They well know, by what manner they're sure to be back'd,

" And are still most secure, when most justly attack'd."

- " To the friends now around me, I'm not now appealing,
 " Though most competent judges of sound and right feeling;
 " I would rather direct, what I'm anxious to say,
 " To such Hon'able Gentlemen over the way,
 " As, from motives, on which I would cast no reflection,
 " Have resolv'd on avoiding all party connection.
 " I don't doubt their good sense—their discretion—their candour:
 " Though I honestly own—quite regardless of slander—
 " I'm a staunch party man: and can point, with just pride,
 " To the men, with whose worth I've so long been allied.
 " But the verdict would prove, if we only could marshal
 " Such a Jury as might be consider'd impartial,
 " That my friend's not a man to insult and neglect,
 " Or his speech one that merits such mark'd disrespect.
 " Sir, the Noble Lord *here* will, I doubt not, get clear of it:
 " But of this rest assur'd, Sir,—the Public shall hear of it!
 " And if *they* don't resent it, I only can say,
 " That this House and the Country have seen their best day.
 " In extraneous remarks, Sir, I'm seldom profuse;
 " But a preface, like this, can require no excuse:

- " When a friend is ill-treated, it goes to my soul,
 " And excites there warm feelings, no pow'r can controul.
 " Sir, I wish'd to have notic'd the speech, long ago,
 " Of my Hon'able Friend on the bench just below*;
 " Though he spoke in an earlier stage of the night,
 " There was *one* taunt, of which I have never lost sight.
 " Sir, I don't mean to say, that this sarcasm, which drew
 " From the Noble Lord such acclamations, is new:
 " If he's press'd by the weakness of any bad cause,
 " It's his own grand resource for extorting applause:
 " For, when driv'n to the wall, his chief theme for a scoff, is
 " To assert, that the Whigs are all pining for office:
 " This is always the burden of each Tory's song;
 " It's a clap-trap they're sure to bring in, right or wrong.
 " Sir, it always has been, since the days of my youth,
 " My fix'd purpose and wish, to speak boldly the truth:
 " I've adher'd, with a strictness, which some think unwise,
 " To my rule, of disdaining all art and disguise:

* Probably Mr. W—lberforce.

- " And I scorn to conceal, that my friends and myself,
 " Though indifferent to patronage, honours, and pelf;
 " If invited to office, would not have withstood
 " The King's gracious commands, to promote public good;
 " Although faction may misrepresent the admission,
 " I contend, Sir, that this was a noble ambition;
 " And, we've justly regretted our own inability
 " To wrest ill-gotten pow'r from corrupt imbecility:
 " But the Hon'able Gentleman, now in my eye,
 " Can't rejoice more than we, that our day is gone by
 " For our folly and madness indeed would be great,
 " If we wish'd to be call'd to the helm of the state,
 " When, by dint of mismanagement quite inconceivable,
 " We're reduc'd to a plight, by no wisdom retrievable.
 " Though, by means of surcharges, old land-tax arrears,
 " And such paltry low shifts, they've gone on for three years,
 " Will His Majesty's Ministers dare to pretend,
 " That this system of patch-work won't come to an end?
 " Sir, with all their loud boastings, I boldly defy 'em
 " To deny, that they go on *de dié in diem*—

- " Tho' they hold out some fresh hope again and again, you
 " Never find, that it tells in the quarter's revenue.
 " What resource would remain, were they suddenly dunn'd
 " By the Bank, but the wreck of their fam'd Sinking Fund?
 " We, who long have foretold this unfortunate scrape, are in
 " Wonder lost, that the Noble Lord still goes on vapouring
 " With such coolness, and characteristic temerity,
 " About peace, social order, and growing prosperity.
 " When a whole population implores to be fed,
 " It's an insult to offer them glory for bread!
 " A short time will accomplish the gloomy predictions,
 " Which His Majesty's Ministers scouted as fictions.
 " I repeat, and God knows, I repeat it with sorrow,
 " That we can't tell to-day, what may happen to-morrow.
 " If they mean to have large standing armies in peace;
 " If expences, which ought to be lessen'd, increase;
 " If they turn a deaf ear to the people's complaints,
 " And, instead of removing, impose *fresh* restraints;
 " If, by time and experience unwarn'd and unaw'd,
 " They spread mischief at home, and vile slav'ry abroad,

" Setting public opinion here quite at defiance,
 " And abetting each crime of the Holy Alliance,
 " I will say, tho' the language perhaps may seem strong,
 " That the country won't bear such mis-rule very long;
 " And perhaps, when its ruin'd and desperate condition
 " Is beyond all the skill of the best state-physician,
 " We—the Whigs—on whom Gentlemen now turn their backs,
 " May be summon'd in lieu of the obstinate quacks,
 " Who, by mountebank tricks, and low arts of delusion,
 " Have involv'd the whole world in distress and confusion."

But the task I've embark'd in, is more than I'm equal to:
 So your own ready fancy must e'en tack the sequel to:
 Such a pencil as mine, could but faintly portray,
 (If I sat up all night, and kept rhyming all day),
 T—rney's practical sense, his rich vein of good-humour,
 And the style, free from all affectation and tumour,
 The extempore sallies, and apt repartees,
 Quite unerring, but sure not to wound or displease;
 And that skill in finance, which no rival can reach;
 But he hates and despises a florid set-speech:

His unvarnish'd harangues, out of office or in, are
 Like an eloquent man's flow of sense after dinner,
 Who, without any effort, is brilliant and clear,
 And less anxious to speak, than his audience to hear.
 Were his public deserts with a recompense crown'd,
 Half as rich as his knowledge is vast and profound;
 I lay down as an axiom, which can't be denied,
 That his country would deem such a boon well applied.

Now the morning's first beam feebly tinges the skies—
 Just as T—rney sits down, you perceive the sun rise;
 And, should Phoebus look in, O how motley the crew,
 Which the House, at that moment, presents to his view!
 Smiling—frowning—pale—~~flush'd~~—~~list'ning~~—whispering—sunk
 Into sleep most profound: many sober: few drunk:
 Some, half rous'd, with their eyes staring out of their sockets;
 Others stand at the door, with their hands in their pockets:
 Some are coughing, some yawning; some loll at their ease:
 L. L. D.'s, F. R. S.'s, B. A.'s, K. C. B.'s,
 Placemen, Bankers, Beaux, Admirals, Lawyers (too numerous)
 Old and young: handsome, plain: rich and poor—dull and humorous:

Here a saint, there a rake—here a fop, there a sloven—
 Overpower'd, as if kiln-dried, or bak'd in an oven;
 For the heat's so intense (tho' they're anxious to ventilate),
 That for one who comes early, there always are twenty late.
 But the change, which must cause the most wonder to Phoebus,
 (Since I'm scribbling so freely *de omnibus rebus*),
 Is to see, that, instead of gay spruce ev'ning suits,
 All the Cabinet Ministers come down in boots:
 Londond—y himself, during two busy Sessions,
 Very often appear'd in knee breeches and Hessians:
 Nay, in proof of their dignified, stern independence,
 Many scores wear their hats, during each night's attendance,
 Whilst they loll in their seats; but, the most zealous lover
 Of this right so refin'd, must, when rising, uncover.

Tierney ends (having laid down, for two hours, the law),
 Amid shouts of "*hear! hear! question, question! withdraw!*"
 When lo! M——n of G——y gets up to explain!
 Clasps his hands; looks around him again and again:
 Shrugs, where diffidence, grace, and decision combine,
 Are as much thrown away, as pearls cast before swine;

So he stands erect, frowning, with both fists akimbo,
 Till at last e'en the Whigs keep their tongues all in limbo :
 He's no fav'rite with them : very few so expert as he
 To upbraid them, when wanting in patience and courtesy.
 " The Whig Chesterfields* yonder lose more time in coughing,
 " Than, if civilly heard, I 'd myself let 'em off in :
 " They shall lead me at once, if they please, to the block,
 " If for more than two minutes I speak, by the clock :
 " All attempts will be useless, to silence or flurry :
 " But if Gentlemen please, I'm in no kind of hurry :
 " If they wish to cough on, for the sake of delay,
 " I've no sort of objection to stand here all day :
 " But of this be assur'd, that I 'll make good my right
 " To explain, if I keep them all barking till night.
 " The Right Hon'able Gentleman, much to his credit,
 " (I for one, went along with him quite, when he said it),
 " Has confess'd, that the Whigs, though not pining for place,
 " Would, if sent for, come in, with a very good grace :—

* An ironical allusion to their unpoliteness.

" Sir, this fact, (though some patriots have angrily scouted it),
 " Is so clear, that the country has never once doubted it;
 " And the public becomes more convinc'd every day,
 " That they've all got the *will*, though they can't find the *way*.
 " But I own, that it quite struck me all of a heap,
 " When he said, the Whigs hold loaves and fishes so cheap:
 " And I think that one's infatuation would border"—
 (Order, order! hear, hear!)—" Sir, am I out of order?"
 (Question, question!)—" I wonder what Gentlemen mean!
 " I'm not going to say one single word on the Queen—
 " What I meant, Sir, was this: I'm explaining, that they
 " Should to Coventry send my Lords Grenville and Grey:
 " Since the folly of these two great Statesmen and Co.
 " Kept them all out of office just nine years ago,
 " When they might have walk'd over the course with such ease;
 " But these Doctors so learn'd had a squabble about fees:
 " And took *huff*, when His Majesty dar'd to prohibit 'em
 " From discarding his other physicians *ad libitum**:

* i. e. from dismissing the Household.

" So the King (then Prince Regent) was left to the quacks,

" Whom now the Right Hon'able Member attacks

" Most unfairly: for surely the whole of the sin is theirs,

" If the Noble Lord here and his Colleagues are Ministers:

" If a patient can't get Dr. Tierney*, indeed he

" Can't be blam'd for, in self-defence, calling in Eady.

" Sir, the Administration undoubtedly owes

" Very much to itself, but still more to its foes :

" Who, by party invectives, and mischievous votes,

" May be said to have more than once cut their own throats."

The House laughs : but the Whigs don't quite relish the joke :

" *Mr. L—mbton to order!*"—Loud cries of "*spoke, spoke!*"

M. " Sir, this rudeness"—*L.* " Sir, no human patience can bear

" These disorderly taunts"—*M.* " I appeal to the Chair."—

Now the Speaker, who sees them exchange a dark frown,

Amid cries of "*Chair, Chair!*" beckons both to sit down :

Bland and courteous, like Nestor, who sooth'd Agamemnon

And Achilles, without proper cause he'd condemn none :

* Sir Matthew Tierney, Bart.

" The Hon'able Member, who claims my protection,
 " I am sure will allow, on a moment's reflection,
 " That he long since has greatly exceeded the latitude
 " Which the House"—" Sir, I bow: and with cordial gratitude
 " For the candid indulgence with which I've been heard—
 (*Question! spoke!*)—" I beg pardon, and sha'nt add a word."

He concludes: and thy fancy must paint, gentle reader,
 How tremendous the tumult and din which succeed, are:
 Whigs and Tories seem vying in noise for a wager,
 In all possible keys, whether minor or major—
 Those, who hear, from a distance, an uproar so strange,
 Might suppose they were standing near Exeter Change,
 Where the lions, hyenas, and tigers combine
 In one yell, for their food, about half after nine:
 For in chorus discordant, long, loud, and appalling,
 Some are coughing, some groaning, some scraping, some bawling.

But methinks you exclaim, what a horrid comparison!
 Should Jack Taylor dare quote it, he'd certainly mar his Sun:
 If, for want of a better, your Muse be non-plus't
 I'll suggest one, more courteous by far, and as just:

ay, the noise is as stunning, which rages around,
 s the silence, which follows, is long and profound,
 rom the moment the S——r stands up to proclaim,
 Whilst he points with his hat) Canning's magical name—
 lame, whose influence, rapid, complete, and resistless—
 a trice calms the angry, and rouses the listless—
 hose, who just had pair'd off, hasten back, and stay in:
 ess fatigu'd when he ends, than when others begin.
 higs and Tories are now all at once in a bustle:
 tuart Wortley, Brougham, Phipps, Curwen, Swann, Lord John Russell,
 lobhouse, Ure, from the bar, or the lobby repair
 to their seats, after making their bows to the Chair;
 Whilst our modern Ulysses looks down on the floor,
 olds his arms, and then pauses two minutes or more.
 “ At this hour of the night, or I *may* say the morning,
 I reluctantly rise; and need no other warning,
 Than my own urgent want of repose and relief,
 To convince and remind me, I ought to be brief;
 But I'm prompted to speak, by an anxious desire
 Not to rouse the Right Hon'able Gentleman's ire,

- " By permitting the present discussion to end,
 " Without noticing *his* speech, and that of his Friend,
 " And returning him thanks, for thus deigning to wrestle
 " In debate, with opponents corrupt and imbecile.
 " Sir, I'm sure the Right Hon'able Member will pardon us,
 " If we venture to say, he's a little too hard on us;
 " As he can't for one moment, suppose us (of course) able
 " To *refute* his friend's speech, so persuasive and forcible.
 " The respectful forbearance of mute imbecility
 " Might be fairly ascrib'd, not to scorn, but humility
 " And he seems not to know, or, at least, to forget
 " That replies without end might be found, in Debrett's.
 " He may e'en take his choice: North, Burke, Windham and Pitt,
 " Arm'd with argument, eloquence, satire and wit,
 " Have been manfully combating, year after year,
 " Doctrines, such as we've just had the good luck to hear.
 " Sir, eight Parliaments now have been favoured, each Session,
 " With the Hon'able Gentleman's annual profession

* Debrett's Parliamentary Debates.

' Of his hatred to taxes, war, slav'ry, and placemen,
 ' And a system, he thinks, must degrade and debase men;
 ' But if no former Statesmen have ever succeeded;
 ' If *their* wit prov'd abortive—their remaining unheeded,
 ' We shall never, undoubtedly, find any man; Sir, able
 ' To resist one, for two generations unanswerable;
 ' Whilst the Gentlemen opposite all will contend,
 ' That a Hercules triumphs o'er us in their friend,
 ' He perhaps may, by others, Antæus be term'd,
 ' Since, the oft'ner confuted; the more he's confirm'd.

" The Right Hon'able Gentleman could not to-day shun
 " (As might well be foreseen), this inviting occasion
 " To descant on some topics, with marvellous grace,
 " Which he, somehow, laid quite on the shelf, when in place.
 " Whilst the Whigs were in pow'r, did they ever once mention
 " Any single expence you could save, or retrench on?
 " But now, when their fond hopes of office are cross'd,
 " To atone, I presume, for the time they have lost,
 " They get up ev'ry night, in succession, to teach,
 " What they're never so anxious to practise, as preach.

" If I knew not how much party spirit can harden—

" I beg the Right Hon'able Gentleman's pardon—

" As I listen'd to him with most patient attention,

" I have surely some claim on his kind condescension"—

(*Nota bene*—Here Tierney had whisper'd Sir Ronald;

Or perhaps turn'd his ear to Smith, Brougham, or Macdonald—

At this gentle rebuke, he soon breaks off his chat,

Shakes his head, bows politely, and touches his hat)—

" If *all* Administrations were judg'd with such rigour,

" At what time were our councils conducted with rigour?

" No unbiass'd political critic would fix

" On the year of our Lord 1806—

" Was an arduous War *then* triumphantly finish'd?

" Was the Property-Tax taken off, or diminish'd?

" Did the Subsidies, voted to Foreign Powers, cease?

" Did the Royal Dukes' Incomes sustain no increase?

" Can the Hon'able Gentleman under the gallery

" Mention any one single curtailment of salary,

" Which took place, while these Cates continu'd in pow'r,

" Who now call for economy, hour after hour;

" Who would wish many places they once fill'd, abolish'd,
 " And the Crown's whole legitimate influence demolish'd?
 " Sir, I wish to be here, once for all, understood—
 " I don't say, the Whig schemes of Finance were not good—
 " I am far from pretending to blame what was done:
 " They most wisely adopted, what Pitt had begun:
 " After striving to thwart that illustrious man,
 " They soon follow'd, in every respect, his sage plan,
 " By a strange inconsistency, glaring, but laudable"—
 (M—l A—o's sneeringness now very audible,
 Whilst he turns up his nose, murmurs, tosses his head,
 And with taunting—" Hear, hear!" scouts all C—nning has said)—
 " But we surely may now, with some justice, complain,
 " If they thus shift their ground, and attack us again,
 " For not doing what they, when in pow'r, never tried;
 " And, adopting their wholesome example as guide,
 " Are resisting fell anarchy's schemes, to pull down
 " The whole State, and lay prostrate the power of the Crown.
 " The Right Hon'ble Member describ'd at great length
 " Discontents, which he truly says, daily gain strength:

- “ But to whom are these plots, and these murmurs, all owing ?
 “ And thro’ whose wicked arts are they constantly growing ?
 “ Thro’ the mischievous zeal of a *junto*, which preaches
 “ Disaffection and treason in libellous speeches ;
 “ Whose sole object, and art, is the pow’r to mislead,
 “ And who care not, if thousands are ruin’d, or bleed :
 “ Who foment, and rejoice at, their country’s distresses ;
 “ And, in secret, mourn over its brightest successes,
 “ With a mortification, as base as deep-rooted ;
 “ When they see their own prophecies daily confuted ;
 “ But altho’ this fell poison has tainted the nation,
 “ We have *one* source of pride, and of just consolation :
 “ An o’erwhelming majority still may be found ;
 “ In allegiance unshaken, in principle sound ;
 “ Who repel the loud ravings of factious malignity,
 “ When address’d to their ears, as a snare or indignity ;
 “ Scorning those, who would hail e’en the public disgrace
 “ As a ladder most welcome, for climbing to place.”

But methinks you exclaim here, the part of a friend, is
 Just to hint in a half whisper, *quo, Musa, tendis?*

Can you hope to convey e'en a slight or faint notion
 Of the wonder, amusement, delight, and emotion,
 Which pervade C—nning's list'ning admirers or foes,
 Till the moment he stops, from the moment he rose?
 Can *you* copy the fav'rite disciple of Pitt,
 Scarce inferior in eloquence, greater in wit;
 In whose splendid harangues not a word should be alter'd;
 Who, in no single instance, fail'd, wander'd, or falter'd?
 Pray break off, what you'd much better not have begun,
 And inform us, what passes, when C—nning has done.

He concludes about six: and the Tories now bawl
 Cheers, that almost re-echo in Westminster-Hall.
 Whilst, with look, which enforces obedience and awe,
 Mr. Sp—ker bids lingering strangers withdraw.
 Near the door, with a countenance anxious and busy,
 You may see a man bustling; and ask me, who is he?
 Who, but Holmes! arm in arm with Arbuthnot or Lushington,
 All inspecting the crowd, from the gallery rushing down:
 Any green-horn, quite raw in these matters, supposes
 Holmes is nodding to friends, when he's just—counting noses;

Whilst (as Virgil says) *oculos volvens hic illic que*,
 He's engag'd in a deep arithmetic soliloquy—
 And to Arbuthnot says, "Are we certain of *Dankes*?"—A. "Yes!"
 H. "Well, I'm d—d glad of that—for I really felt anxious."
 Lo! Dunc—non, well-stor'd with each writing utensil,
 Is now smoothing his paper, and cutting his pencil,
 That the Patriots' names may be well noted down
 For the *Times*, and at breakfast read all over town.

See the doors are all lock'd: all the strangers withdrawn;
 Not a sound is now heard, except Bl—b—rn's loud yawn!
 And the Sp——r most audibly reads from a paper,
 The whole Motion at length, while the Clerk holds a taper—
 Then the *Ayes* roar in concert, when he gives the word
 And a thundering chorus of *Noes* is next heard:
 Mr. Sp——r looks up—pauses—scarce seems to know,
 Whether most of his troops bellow'd *aye*, or baw'd *no*—
 (Tho' it matters not which way he gives his decision,
 For, be that what it may, there must be a *Division*)—
 Turning now to the right, with a smile full of suavity,
 He first calls on the *Ayes*, and then listens with gravity,

Whilst they all strain their lungs in unanimous roar:

He next turns to the Whigs, with a courteous *encore*;

And declares, after weighing maturely their shout,

" I *think* the Ayes have it"—yet still seems to doubt;

But the instant his modest decision is signified,

" The Noes have it," says Michael, with tone firm and dignified.

Now, when his, or some neighbour's dissent, is proclaim'd,

At the Speaker's discretion the Tellers are nam'd—

He selects Peel and Grant for the Ayes—we'll suppose:

Then Macdonald and Calcraft are chos'n for the Noes.

But no matter on whom ~~he may~~ happen to fix:

They advance to the table, and brandish their sticks—

Now the Whigs slowly rise, and descend to the floor,

Whilst the Serjeant at Arms is unbolting the door.

See Dunc—n (their Adjutant) heads the retreat,

And (as usual) takes post in the door-keeper's seat,

That the whole rank and file of staunch patriots, who voted

May in neat alphabetical order be noted:

Hume and Bennett, as prompters, look over his shoulders,

Just as Gregson is back'd by two stout bottle-holders.

As each Whig in succession appears to move slower,
 Weary Tories ejaculate crossly, "*Door, door!*"

Just as Helen discuss'd the Greek heroes with Priam,
 Holmes surveys, with Arbuthnot, the Whigs, who march by 'em—
 And exclaims, when he notices — hobbling out,
 " D— that fellow! how soon he's got rid of his gout!
 " I remember his fits us'd to last a whole quarter!
 " But they seem ev'ry year to get shorter and shorter!
 " How d—d punctual, of late, in attendance Pryse Pryse is!
 " He appears to have quite cut the Berkshire Assizes!
 " How they must have whipp'd in! they've brought Belgrave from Chest-
 " And, the deuce take 'em all! why, there's Ben Lester Lester!
 " Nay, I see they've lugg'd Maule up from Scotland! and, zounds!
 " Why there's Burdett, who, *I* thought, was after the hounds!"

Thus he makes his remarks, with surprise and asperity,
 Like Macbeth, when contemplating Banquo's posterity;
 Who surveys each new King with increasing affright,
 And complains, that his eye-balls are sear'd with the sight—
 But altho' Holmes may now and then greet an old stager,
 Woe betide one, whose vote might give rise to a wager,

Who, addicted to no side, and steering between,
 Is an object to both of suspicion and spleen—
 If for once with the Whigs he unhappily *chimes* in,
 After staying with Government half a dozen *times* in,
He endures Holmes's angry frown, blacker than thunder,
 Courteous Lushington's stare, full of good-natur'd wonder,
 And Arbuthnot's reproach for desertion of duty,
 In a look, which appears to convey, *et tu, Brute?*
 But all three interchange a significant grin,
 When they see Frankland Lewis, and Calthorpe stay in.

All the Whigs under Holmes's inspection have past,
 And F— P—, like Ajax, has stalk'd forth the last—
 Nimble Clementson hastens to fasten the door,
 And the Patriots are pent in the Lobby once more—
 Some indulge there in bets, or conjectures acute,
 With respect to their numbers; and some cheapen fruit,
 Whilst the Tellers are all counting Holmes's choice flock;
 In the gallery first, and then under the clock:
 (Justly term'd Holmes's flock: since, with pastoral care,
 He enforces attendance, and settles each pair)—

Then the Neutrals (that slipp'ry, unpopular clan!)
 Then the staunch thick-and-thin men, who cluster round Van;
 Then the few, who, near Castlereagh finding no room,
 Have usurp'd the seats quitted by Tierney and Brougham;
 In whose stead, on the foremost Whig bench, you remark
 Gen'ral Phipps, Don, Lord Apsley, Fane, Clive, Sir George Clark.
 With the Grenvilles and Saints, they next close their account,
 And commit then to paper the total amount,
 Which is quickly made known—and occasions a hum
 Of discussion, to those, who before had sat dumb:
 The four Champions all tell in harmonious quartett—
 For, if one should perchance err, confound, or forget,
 And dissent from the others, their labour is vain,
 And they're forc'd to begin all their counting again—
 So they're strictly exact—and poor Yorke, who had slumber'd
 At full length, is rous'd up, lest he should not be number'd..

As each Whig must, *en passant*, be touch'd by all four,
 Now the Tellers take post, two on each side the door;
 Which, by Seymour's, or Clementson's care, is unlock'd,
 And the floor in a very few minutes is block'd.

By a legion of Whigs—for, altho' some repair
 To their seats, after making their bows to the Chair,
 (Amongst whom Tierney, Nugent, and Lamb, never fail, or
 Sir James Mackintosh and Michael Angelo Taylor),
 Others strive to maintain, near the entrance, their post,
 And remain closely wedg'd in the gangway, engross'd
 By a wish, when the numbers are told, to be foremost
 In escaping, which those, who are nearest the door, must:
 Many move most deliberately, man after man, on,
 That the list may be strictly revis'd by Dunc—on,
 (I myself have observ'd this manœuvre, two winters :)
 Ere it's sent to the Dev'l—I, of course, mean the printer's;
 Whilst the Tories, who all knew this practice full well,
 Half impatient, half drowsy, re-echo—" Tell, tell!"

Now both Tories and Whigs are all standing, or seated,
 The door lock'd, and the Tellers' chief duty completed;
 So they note the amount of the Noes, and declare
 The result to the House, bowing thrice to the Chair.
 The Majority's champions take place to the right—
 So you know what they mean to announce, at first sight.

Then the paper is reach'd to the Speaker; who rises,
 And repeats, what the number of Noes and of Ayes is:
 All the Whigs, if successful, so loudly run riot,
 That the Speaker can scarce restore order or quiet:
 For, by way of *finale*, they raise such a shout,
 That it stuns all within, and alarms all without!
 But no triumph, when Ministers carry the day,
 Discomposes or elevates mild Castlereagh:
 His well-disciplin'd troops in proud silence are hush'd:
 Too familiar by far with success, to be flash'd.

Now all parts of the House, like the turbulent ocean
 In a high gale of wind, are in eager commotion:
 Curtis, Vaughan, Matthew Russel, Maule, Dawson, and Moore,
 Seem to strive to get all at once out at the door:
 There's such elbowing, and jostling, and pushing, and stumbling,
 And such mutt'ring, and shouting, and growling, and grumbling!
 By the phalanx behind, you're soon squeez'd thro' a ridge
 Most compact, like a skiff shooting thro' London Bridge.
 None remain in the House, whilst the strong and the weak are
 Thus *pêle-mêle* on the stairs, except Brogden, the Speaker,

And Arbuthnot or Holmes: who reluctantly stay
 To defer all the Orders, which stand for this day:
 But the House, when this task has been finish'd, adjourns.
 Having first sign'd the Votes, Mr. Speaker returns,
 Quite worn out, to his house: but, with stately decorum,
 Still the mace is by Clementson brandish'd before him.

For great coats and umbrellas, while numbers are scrambling,
 And some Whig stops his carriage to let Lord John Campbell in,
 You're inform'd, that it rains! and, before you approach,
 Hume, Ricardo, and Wood, have secur'd the last coach!
 Had you got down in time, they'd have given you a place in it;
 But, alas! you're too late, and there's no use in chasing it!
 So you wade through the mud, and are drench'd to the skin,
 And you knock half an hour, ere your man lets you in—
 Your boots cling to your legs, as if fasten'd with glue:
 For your feet are both swell'd, and completely wet through:
 Fev'rish, faint, and forlorn, you at last are undrest,
 And, by day-light, prepare for a short, broken rest,
 With a prospect (Heav'n knows well entitled to pity!)
 Of digesting at ten—an Election Committee!

But you must be tir'd out and exhausted, as I am:
 Though I know you're as patient and kind, as Sir Byam,
 And would scarce dare to yawn, if I fill'd a whole quire—
 Yet I'd stop, though you tried to rekindle my fire,
 By a promise of fame, thro' great Walter and Perry's aid*:
 So I'll break off my tale, like Sultana Scheherezade—
 When I write you again, I'll adhere to my text;
 But, for further particulars, wait till my next.

* i. e. through insertion of Extracts in the Times, or Morning Chronicle.

E P I S T L E

TO

A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.



LONDON :

**PRINTED BY B. M^CMILLAN, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN,
PRINTER IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY.**

**SOLD BY R. TRIPHOOK, OLD BOND-STREET; AND J. CAWTHORN,
COCKSPUR-STREET.**

1821.

AN EPISTLE,

§c. §c.

London, May, 1821.

THOUGH I faithfully promis'd, I seldom would lose
E'en a post, without sending an item of news
Either foreign or home, either civil or military,
You complain, I'm become most provokingly dilatory.
You affirm, that for me you've a red now in pickle;
For I'm always so tardy in wielding my sickle,
(Though the Town offers daily a rich, varied crop,
And a lab'rer, when active, scarce knows where to stop);

That, before I begin, the whole harvest is glean'd:
 I don't mention births, till the children are wean'd,
 Or the deaths of great men, till the mourning's expiring:
 Never tell you what street there was lately a fire in:
 Or inform you, whose fortune is made, lost, or dissipated,
 'Till, in more than one paper, I've long been anticipated,
 With respect to the Arts, I'm as mute as a Vandal:
 I'm the last man in London to ferret out scandal;
 And with each brace of lovers you think I'm in league,
 Not to name—till the *crim. con.* begins—an intrigue.
 All my stories are stale, like an egg that's half-rotten:
 I describe a new play, when it's damn'd and forgotten:
 And you seem to suppose, I would just as soon fly, as
 Write you all about Noblet, and Miss Fanny Bias;
 And inform you, what Peer, ev'ry night that they act, is in
 Their apartments, to feast (I presume) on their—practising;
 While their cheeks bloom with roses, unrivall'd in hue—
 Ever charming, and—~~all must admit—ever new!~~

I omit all departures, arrivals, and changes,
 (Lists so dear to the Dandies, who loiter at Grange's):

" Lady Willoughby's set-out to visit Lord Cholmondeley—

" Sir Charles Long's return'd from his villa near Bromley—

" Sir William F. Eliot's for Mar Lodge and Taymouth—

" M. Ure, Esq. M.P. from Worthing to Weymouth."

On such themes (tho' you fondly imagin'd my quill able

To discuss any topic) I don't say one syllable.

I've pass'd over the Catch-Club, Prince Leopold's fete,

Mrs. Beaumont's last ball, and grand service of plate,

(Manufactur'd, I'm told, from the ore of her mines),

With whole cart-loads of peaches, champagne, hock, and pines:

The half-a-crown meetings, Outinian y-clept,

Where Peeresses, Prelates, and Poets have—slept!

Of a hundred grave pattois, I'm told ninety-nine

Think the Lecture itself better far than—the wine:

Knyvett's benefit concert, W—'s *conversationi*,

Where Chantrey, Nash, Penn, Dr. Yates, Smirke, Belzoni,

Justice Best, Southey, Flaxman, Crabbe, Sir John Silvester,

Sheriff Waithman, Lord Morley, the Bishop of Chester,

And the vot'ries in chief of the Arts and the Muses,

Either come (as the Post says), or—send their excuses.

Not a word has been said of Atack's, the French play,
 Or five hundred at least; all so crowded and gay,
 (Where your hostess provides lemonade, cake, and fiend,
 Adding sometimes cold chicken, and ham cut in slices);
 Early belles, who arrive about half past eleven, shrouded
 (*Ne plus ultra* of glory!) a kind from Devonshire;
 Hear the g—— comment on yesterday's dinner, and
 Or (when fainting with heat) to observe that it's *main*!
 But how off have I view'd; with intention, and while
 Who perform quarantine, about one, the theatre's closed;
 Bean has vainly been urg'd, she'd with the *champs* go away;
 Gown, not seen or admir'd; but well provided, by Thomas;
 Of these rational routes you've sometimes in line, night night;
 And each guest returns home, quite fatig'd and delighted;
 These the Herald records as long punegyric,
 As the nostrums of Eady, the *trick* has been;
 Who by patent seems best with relative monopolies
 Both of chalk—and renown—in and near the metropolis;
 Where emblazon'd he stands on each wall, and park paling;
 Quite a *Daniel*—in puffs; the in physic—no *Calcut*.

Puff it in chalk on each wall you may see Doctor Eady,
 Who for [—] fresh and fresh is obligingly ready;
 'Cause the Patient he physick'd last week and is dead—
 'tis no longer can see Doctor Eady!

In short, you maintain, I'm the idiot of fellows.

And that my occupation's quite gone, like Othello's.

But what chiefly excites both your spleen and surprise, is

That I've left off all hints, reverses, and subtleties.

As to what Foreign Powers, or our Senate are doing—

What good is in prospect—what mischief is brewing—

What defeats have expell'd all the Despots from Italy:—

Sure defeats, which Sir B. predicted so precisely.

For, while William Dugdet behind Castle-raght slumber'd, he

Said, he thought not a man would get safe back to Lombardy.

What columns one squadron of Patriots has beat off:

What hundreds great Pope himself made men'd meet off.

(For surely, ere this, either Milan or Venice is

The head-quarters of one, so arrivall'd in—mopace!)

What *Saturnia regna* Fate destines for Tunia.

Where the Lib'rals won't let one Uhlán or Pandur in:

And such heroes no doubt (with as much ease as Reelicks,

Scores of Whigs in debate) will soon chase King Felix!

Whether now at Madrid she mob's rage has been baffled,

Or the King and his faithful friends dragg'd to the scaffold.

For no love of their God, or their Monarch, restrain
 Those, who basely can butcher a Prelate in chains;
 Who let ev'ry one speak, think, and act as they please,
 If they'll only conform to all faction's decrees;
 And would gladly, to show us what freedom in Spanish meant;
 Crush opponents with death, confiscation, or banishment.

Tow'rs the end of your postscript, I find you affirming,
 That you don't see where Van will find cash for the errand,
 Velvet, gold, fur, lace; plate, and each other snug perquisite
 At a certain grand show—don't suppose, that I flare quite
 And you augur, to use a great-man's phrase, a *Melancholy*
 Getting dainties, expensive enough for each kitchen,
 Built, that feasts may be dress'd, on the present emergency,
 For the Hall, where you commonly—clients and servants see,
 But where soon all the Peers, some *without*, some *with*—stars on;
 Will be dining *en masse*, and, I fear, too—*en garçons*;
 There, no place will distinguish Pitt's vestries from Fox's;
 No debates, no divisions, no calling for proxies;
 Erskine, Holland, Grey, Lansdown, and King will be jam'd
 With Rolfe, Westmoreland, Blandford, Mulgrave, and Camden.

Should the Ladies (as some believe) not be admitted;
 Ah! how much must the *belles*—and the *beaux* too, be pitied!
 Then each Peeress at home, with a sigh of despair,
 Will survey the rich jewels she purpos'd to wear;
 And each divly *coquette*, or each languishing prude,
 Grudge in secret the hearts, which she might have subdued;
 Nay, perhaps made a conquest of old Esterhazy,
 Who, with all the Vienna *belles* perfectly *blasé*,
 Will, with florins and ducats enough to make merry many,
 See and add to the pomp of this wonderful ceremony;
 Whilst each window, street, square, and balcony, will ring
 With the loud peals of love Britain owes to her King.

I don't tell, when his Majesty means to be crown'd—
 Or how soon against Benbow true bills will be found,
 (Preferr'd, I believe, by our friend Sir John Sewall);
 The result, cause, and object of Ret—m's duck;
 Why and whither the Queen sent a trust-worthy man over;
 And whether the King goes to Dublin or Hanover;—
 Whether Scarlett's wise Act has a chance of succeeding,
 Or the Bill against Grappard, will pass the third reading—

Inexhaustible themes for debate and conjecture,
 And fit texts for the daily political lecture,
 To which big-wigs and quidnuncs contribute their mites,
 At the Cocoa-Tree, Buckles's, the Alfred, and White's.

My good friend, you alarm me! so heavy and large is
 This long-sweeping array of my crimes and your charges,
 That, although I wish truth can't exactly deny all;
 I'm for pleading Not Guilty, and standing my trial—
 Before I'm condemn'd, I shall claim what the law accords me—
 Will undoubtedly grant me—a trial to shew cause.
 I admit, that there is some arrear in my budget; or, at least,
 But it's not so enormous by half, as you judge it.
 And you don't (as Scotch lawyers say) make an assertion
 Of the hints I have sent you, when pick'd up at random.
 Though your claim may be strong, if I choose to dispute it,
 I perhaps still may manage to get you acquitted.

To avoid litigation, suspense, and delay,
 Shew mercy, and then I may meet you half-way—
 I'll arrange all at once, by withdrawing my plea
 Of Not Guilty, if you'll leave the sentence to me—

And tho' such an agreement seems strange at first sight,
Be assur'd, that the penalty shall be forthright.

I remember, amongst many other fair promises
Which I made, when we parted in March at Sir Thomas's;
I was bent upon trying my skill, now and then, at
Sketching some of our Statesmen, who shine for the Song;
So I now have this, without further postponement,
As a humble peace-offering (by way of atonement
For the silence you deem such a blot in my sketchbook); I send
To present you a Drawing I've lately dwelt upon.

If a Bard, in the goodly days of Billy and Charley, meant
To pourtray all the great men of the Parliament, John Bull
Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Whitbread, Dundas, Windham, Burke,
(Splendid portraits but few!) would have fill'd his whole work;
But the order of things is now totally changed;
And the system of Parliament is so deranged
All respect for age, talent, long standing, is dead;
All are anxious to govern, and none will be led;
The chief actors on both parliamentary stages, as his squares
Would cover the canvas of two panoramas; now a

(For the Lords, like the Commons, present, in whole scores,
 What are call'd by quadrille players, *false matadores*)—
 And the number has so much increas'd; that, of late, you're
 Tir'd to death e'en in learning the bare nomenclature.

When resuming my pallet, at first I was planning
 To paint Mackintosh, Peel, Londonderry, or Canning—
 So I mix'd up my colours with infinite care;
 But I soon threw my pencil away in despair!
 For, instead of obtaining a niche in my shabby lays,
 They're fit themes for La Bruyere, Swift, Goldsmith, or Rabelais,
 And outstrip their compeers in the Senate, as far
 As a planet in brightness transcends a fix'd star—
 So when each, in succession, had fairly been tried;
 I determin'd on laying such worthies aside,
 And shall chuse for my subject, one, now-a-days reckon'd
 To those, whom I just now have nam'd, only second—
 One, whose public deserts, e'en opponents confess;
 And whose name the most dense politician would guess—
 Not to know him, would argue yourself quite unknown—
 Ev'ry journalist quotes him, from Stoddart to Hene:

Box the compass all round: travel east, west, north, south:
 You will ev'ry where find him in ev'ry one's mouth;
 Were it offer'd for sale in a *connoisseur's* list, his
 Picture doubtless would fetch an immense price at Christie's—
 So, my good friend, I'll now pre-suppose you've commanded it,
 And, without further preface, shall e'en try my hand at it,
 By completing a sketch, in poetical prose,
 Of the Member for Brechin, Arbroath, and Montrose—
 (As for Bervie, I sha'n't condescend to remark her,
 Because she belongs to, and voted for, Farquhar:
 And, for fear of reform tho' the Magistrates court him,
 Aberdeen, I believe, never means to support him).

Our new Statesmen and Orators, now so innumerable,
 Seem to think they to vie with Ward, Tierney, or Brougham are able:
 All are thought—or at least think themselves—to be Tullys,
 Colberts, Mazarins, Montesquieus, Sidneys, or Sullys!
 But our hero undoubtedly beats them all hollow,
 And becomes by degrees quite a *magnus Apollo*!
 If a vacancy soon should occur in the lead,
 There is no one more willing—or fit—to succeed;

For he towers above Lambton, Macdonald and Calcraft,
 Like a portly new frigate, contrasted with small craft.
 All countries, Spain, Italy, Corfu, Greece, France,
 All subjects—canal bills, malt, libels, finance;
 All hours, from the time when new Members are sworn in,
 'Till three, or perhaps even six, in the morning,
 To *him* all are equal—as all the world knows—if
 The House has but patience to listen to Joseph.

Robert Ward and Lord Palmerstone always detest him at
 A dull, unattractive Debate on an Estimate:
 On ev'ry fresh charge, he is ready to fight 'em,
 And is sure to contest the tenth part of each item.
 If he comes, when a Vote of Supply's to be past,
 Honest Van looks at once quite forlorn and aghast!
 Each mistake, great or small, he is sure to unmask,
 And has always at least fifty questions to ask.

Tho' for weeks he has ris'n every day with the lark;
 To pore over papers, and pump each old clerk,
 Poor Sir George for a while bids adieu to his sunson,
 When Joseph's dissecting our Naval expenses:—

I have frequently heard his best friends, one and all, say,
 It affects him sometimes, like a stroke of the palsy !
 Tho', in cheering him, Lowther and Holmes strain their throats,
 How he trembles, when Joseph begins to take notes !
 How devoutly he prays, that kind Heav'n would but send
 Either Hume to Old Nick, or himself to—Loughend !
 Name what vessel you please, he enquires its condition,
 As to rigging, ropes, rum, tar, beef, guns, ammunition !
 And, when Cockburn has answer'd, he gives you much better, a
 Full account of its tonnage, *et cetera, et cetera*.
 He can talk of marines, purgers, chaplains and seamen,
 Just as glibly as name all the Queenborough freemen,
 As to each one of whom, he points out, by what job his son
 Got a place, with as much ease as Yorke says, Jack Robinson !

When new Bills are brought in, he no sooner has got 'em,
 Than he probes ev'ry section and clause to the bottom ;
 And when papers are granted, he's never contented ;
 But condemns them as vague, e'en before they're presented :
 All Lushington's best explanations he spurns,
 And is constantly calling for further returns.

In ev'ry department, he thinks public men are all
 Overpaid, and, above all, the Storekeeper-General:
 His zeal against perquisites never relaxes,
 And he always opposes fresh grants and new taxes.
 When collectors of duties their bounds are o'erstepping, he
 Is ardent in zeal, as Sir William de Crespigny:
 All the Westernham papers again and again he
 Read, in hopes he might find a mistake of—a penny!
 For his palate, there's no such acceptable olio,
 As a set of Reports in octavo and folio—
 Whilst his maid in the morning is putting the fire on,
 On figures he feasts, as an ostrich on iron.
 What e'en Davies would scarcely have finish'd a year hence,
 Costs no more than a week to his staunch perseverance;
 And I'll make a remark here (tho' likely to clog a rhythm)
 He'd have almost beat Playfair at solving a logarithm:
 For attention and patience he ne'er at a loss is,
 And his mind's like an elephant's mighty proboscis,
 (This is borrow'd from Johnson, and not said in joke),
 Fit to pick up a pin, or to rive a huge oak!

Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer, he'll drudge by the hour,
 Like a pond'rous steam-engine of twenty horse-power;
 And we all must allow, that he seeks nothing by it; he
 Earns, himself, the sole meed he requires—*notoriety!*
 Public good (as we *know*) is his *first* and chief aim;
 And his second (we *think*) to establish his *fame*.

Of the Whigs, its admitted, that Tierney and Hume, are
 The two who maintain the most perfect good humour:
 And his mem'ry's so strong, he'd soon store in his head
 A whole Encyclopedia, from A down to Z!
 No placeman's low arts, no manoeuvres of Peers buy
 Such a man: for his duty's the compass he steers by;
 No blandishment soothes him: no threats can appal;
 And he owes his success to himself—not to Maule.
 Any offer of rank, royal favour, or money, would
 Have no more weight with him, than with Sebright or Honeywood.

He sits, day after day, as if nailed to his place,
 And he almost as seldom moves off,—as the mace:
 But one night, (in 19), I remember when he
 (*Mirabile dictu!*) went out to drink tea!

Where, surrounded by Williams, Ricardo, and Bennett,
 He gave laws, and made tea for, a choice little senate.
 Ah! too soon he came back, and propos'd an Adjournment,
 After Holmes had been hoping he not to return meant,
 And would put off his speech to a fit opportunity,
 Or be brought by some friend into more proper time at tea,
 So as kindly to make his harangue somewhat shorter,
 By restricting himself to an hour and a quarter;
 And, though best two to one when he took a division,
 He compell'd the House soon to reverse its decision!

In the brim of his hat, he's as broad as a quaker—
 (I have heard, that he deals with a man in Long-Acre);
 And he says, he intends to surprise and delight one,
 By sporting some ev'ning a radical white one!

When he keeps within limits, and knows where to stop,
 All the time that he speaks, you might hear a pin drop:
 In attempts at a flourish, he'd probably fail—
 But there's no man so fit for a mass of detail;
 Even Cl—, and the whole of the Treasury Bench, on
 Many subjects, will hear him with decent attention;

Yet, when prosing sometimes, (which you'll scarcely believe) he
Has been known to wear out e'en the patience of Creevy.

So I leave you to guess, my friend, *a fortiori*,

How he often ~~must~~ *worry* and *weary* each Tory!

When the House ~~had long sat~~ in a dull, dry Committee,

I view'd languid Arbuthnot's long visage with pity!

Outstretch'd ~~on a bench~~, he lay under the gallery,

(This story's quite true,—don't ascribe it to railery),

And, (whilst friend after friend to the smoking-room went), he

Said, Hume's ~~speeches~~ that night had been just two-and-twenty!

When he ventures ~~on~~ any such strange indiscretion,

(More especially ~~near~~ the *lag* end of the Session),

Although it's a ~~truth~~ I'd scarce venture to tell him, he

Is a very good friend to the interests of Bellamy.

He himself is ~~but seldom~~ *persuaded* to dine there,

But he doubles sometimes the consumption of wine there—

When his ninth speech commences, all rush to the garret

And order an extra allowance of claret—

Whig, Saint, Tory, ~~have~~ *join* in a vote of supplies --

(For themselves) of beef-steaks, mutton-chops, and veal-pics!

Mash'd potatoes, so hot, that you dread being scalded :
 (You may add pickl'd walnuts, and beet-root, as Maule did);
 Gobble up apple-pies, or, lest time should be lost, are
 All bespeaking ripe Stilton, or old double Gloucester:
 While (invited by Wood) a select snug Committee
 With the Sheriffs quaff port, at the cost of the City.
 All return in two hours, and roar loud for the Question,
 (A long speech after dinner is hard of digestion)!
 With a bevy of Dandies, who yelp at their backs,
 And would give both their ears to be safe at Almack's.
 Lo, Fitzg— and F— are half mad with despair!
 E'en Duncannon himself can't secure 'em a pair:
 For each Patriot and Whig loves a place to excess,
 In the Times, Globe, Star, Chronicle, Traveller and Press,
 Which on ev'ry Debate, unimportant or solemn,
 To Minority Lists give a twelfth of a column.

Many rather would treble at once the excise,
 Than not bask in the sunshine of Ebrington's eyes;
 Or see Jersey and Richmond both smile without art,
 Whose glance charms the senses, whose wit steals the heart;

Whilst Littleton, Belgrave, Fane, Ashley, display *real*
 Charms, more bright than the *fancied* attractions of Axiel;
 They diffuse joy around them, like May's early flowers,
 Whose tints have been heighten'd by soft vernal showers;
 And prove singly, how far native graces outshine
 All that Chantrey or Moore could invent or combine.

The House rings with so loud and tremendous a groan,
 That Pluto (as Homer says) leaps from his throne!
 Such a chorus infernal of discord, alarms
 All the door-keepers, clerks, and the serjeant-at-arms,
 Who boldly stalks forward, lays hold of his mace,
 And insists on each rebel resuming his place:
 The S——r too, starts half-asleep from his chair:
 “*Order, Order!*” he drawls, with disconsolate air!
 (And I'm sure its no wonder his looks are disconsolate,
 When, night after night, stale discussions go on so late!)
 But his tone shews he longs for a speedy release,
 And would rather the din should continue, than cease:
 For the less all obey him, the more they're his friends;
 On their efforts, his last chance of—dining—depends!

Wood and Wilson, ~~unless this lead upon should another~~
The Debate, ~~will address him, one after the other.~~

And Newport is ~~on the qui vive~~ too: who always
Is regal'd with an answer of Martin of Galway's.

" Question, question!" Lord Barnard of Treigny cries;
And Lord B—— ~~of I——~~, half opens his eyes!

The noise wakes up Sturges Bourne, the Attorney
And Solicitor Generals—Grant, Gaskell and Gurney;
Matthew Russell, Pryse Pryse, Wallace, Taylor, Trench, Tennayson,
Drake, Dundas, Dawkins, Dawson, Dent, Denman, and Denison;
Breaks the thread of a joke between Croker and Binning;
And how great is the fuss that it puts Williams W—— in!
Who to Phillimore turns, or to Knox, with a face full
Of despair, and says, "Well! this is really disgraceful!"
" No such tumults occur'd in the good days of yore,
" Except once, in the year 1694—
" Or it may have been 5—I have almost forgot—
" Just before—or just after—the Gunpowder Plot;
" On the tenth, I believe, or eleventh of November,
" But on which, I don't ~~now~~ just exactly remember:

" It was mov'd by a man, who had lately been knighted."
 " The then Member for Totness—" *that candle is lighted!*"
 " This was strongly oppos'd by Sir Benjamin Boring,
 " One of James's great favorites, and Member for Shoreham—
 " Let me see—no—Sir Benjamin must have been then dead;
 " And I'm not very clear, how the whole matter ended—
 " I must e'en go to book: so, Promiscuously, as Bernal's
 " At the table, pray ask him to reach me the Journals."

Whilst he thus is addressing the Grenvilles' thin ranks,
 Nothing causes the least discomposure to B——:
 Up and down—right and left—all may bellow and bustle—
 Firm and placid he sits, without moving a muscle:
 Shakes his well-powder'd head at the port *petit-maitre*,
 And, in dignified silence, looks down on his gaiters.

On the bench just above, see Sir W— reclina'd,
 With his head hanging back, and his arms cross'd behind;
 Temple jogs him *en passant*: his hat tumbles off—
 Some cry "*Hem! Order, order! Sir, bow!*" others cough.
 But the deaf'ning confusion, which rages around,
 Only lulls good Sir W—to slumber more sound!

Wakeful nights, *malgré eux*, as a penance for sin, stay—

* * *

Pourtraying these scenes in the House, (or that room, as
As Sir Francis once said), I've lost sight of friend Hume;
Whilst my pencil digressive has gone thro' much more ground
Than I meant, he remains quite untouched on the fore-ground—
So *illuc unde abiit*, once more;

And shall now (as the fiddlers say) go off at some

One day, when I happen'd to dine in Mark Lane, down W
We commeno'd a keen argument, along before grater blow
And I said, when the butler was putting the fish on, no order
I heard Hume often class'd with the staunch Opposition here
Mrs. H. in an instant began to look big, soon as I said I
And asked, how I could call her husband a Whig, as you
She vow'd, with assurances solemn and hearty, that he was
That he really and truly belong'd to no Party.
“ It's wrong, whilst enjoying your kind hospitality,
“ To appear e'en to question your husband's deity:
“ It's true, that he's not yet a Member of Broderick's,
“ But his name, like Minnald's, in Arbuthnot's black-books is:

" And some people ~~will~~ say, he's oppos'd to that side,

" With which he is now never known to divide.

" We may deem him impartial: but any true Tory,

" Be assur'd, Ma'am, would tell quite a different story.

" One, whom lately I met, after sweating at Brougham,

" Said, ' I've not half so strong an aversion to Hume :

" ' He never, like * * *, raves till he's hoarse,

" ' Or, like * *, goes out of his way to be coarse,

" ' Who, with savage delight, prowls in quest of a blot,

" ' And would rather wound any man's feelings than not.

" ' But there once was a time, when I lik'd him much better,

" ' And consider'd Lord Liverpool greatly his debtor.

" ' For I grant you, he never behav'd, *anno 12*, ill :

" ' He always us'd then to chime in with Lord Melville :

" ' There were words, I remember, he us'd to pronounce ill,

" ' But he always supported the Orders in Council,

" ' At the Whigs he us'd then very often to rail,

" ' And oppos'd all the Catholic Claims, tooth and nail :

" ' Nay, he carried his zeal to so great an excess,

" ' That he vot'd against Stuart Wortley's Address,

- “ ‘ Which pray’d, in the critical state of the nation,
 “ ‘ That the Regent would form a strong Administration;
 “ ‘ And whilst others were anxious for bringing in Canning,
 “ ‘ His principal aim seem’d to be, to keep Van in :
 “ ‘ But of late, he has quite set them both at defiance,
 “ ‘ And has struck up with Tierney a kind of alliance :
 “ ‘ And, as if he to brave the whole Treasury Bench meant,
 “ ‘ He’s the loudest to call for reform and retrenchment.
 “ ‘ He’s determin’d to prove he belongs to no faction :
 “ ‘ So having, in 12, in the Government pack, shone,
 “ ‘ By way of impartially trimming the balance,
 “ ‘ He now as invariably votes with the ‘Talents.’
 “ We may wonder, how people can misrepresent so :
 “ (When repeating the story last week, I told Dent so).
 “ But in Downing-Street, only ask Bates, Ma’am, or Harrison,
 “ If the comments a’nt harsher, beyond all comparison—
 “ To be fear’d by one half, while the other half scoff, is his
 “ Fate at most—or perhaps even all—public offices :
 “ The more flagrant and gross each abuse he exposes,
 “ The more ardent the wrath—or alarm—of his foes is.”

The remark, my dear fellow, with which I concluded,
 Is as true, as that all his next heirs wish'd Old Q dead.
 For the clerks are all ready to tear out Hume's eyes,
 At the Mint, Bank, East-India House, Customs, Excise :
 They're now kept every day very close at the team—
 Where they once us'd a sheet, they require now a ream :
 Many sinecure places he deem'd indefensible,
 Though the trouble he gives, are now quite indispensable :
 When he tries to curtail both their fees and their leisure, he
 Can't expect to be *en bonne odeur* at the Treasury !
 You might just as well hope, Messrs. Walter and Perry
 Would be-praise Wellesley Pole, or my Lord Londonderry ;
 And that Bowles, or John Reeves, would, in whole or in part, write,
 A synopsis for schools, of "*The Ægis*" by Cartwright :
 Rae, Gifford, or Copley, cut out from the Herald
 An encomium in verse on the Queen—by Fitzgerald :
 Or Lord Melville intend for Kirkudbright the Thistle,
 And the Bath for your friend, who now writes this Epistle :
 If Sir George should resign, Coke be brought as lay Lord in :
 Whigs in pow'r, leave out Calcraft, to keep Robert Ward in :

Scotch Reformers for ousting Sir Ronald and Maule, league—
 Pearse and Manning select Pascoe Grenfell for colleague :
 Lord Rocksavage at Houghton put Scroggins in training :
 Any Member, while Mackintosh speaks, not remain in :
 Buxton cease to think Lott'ries a crying enormity—
 William Smith frame an Act to enforce Uniformity :
 Scott or Wilberforce act without judgment and feeling,
 Or Grey Bennett maintain, you should hang for sheep-stealing :
 J. P. Grant, or Fyshe Palmer, in place, *vice* Goulburn :
 Sefton vote against letting Jack Ketch—poor John Bull burn :
 Brougham admit the Q—n's guilt, tho' the proof should be ocular :
 Yorke be long, dull, and prosing, or Bragge brief and jocular :
 Joseph Butterworth drive in a tandem a-junketing :
 Any Premier that's wise, not be proud to bring Plunket in :
 Long or Yarmouth buy Absolute Wisdom in marble—
 Billy Curtis drink water, and live upon barbel :
 Holmes, without a good pair, let a friend to Almack's off—
 Creevy vote for a *new*, or Van take an *old* tax off :
 To the Monks arm'd in Portugal, Baring advance a ree—
 Eldon name Michael Angelo—Master in Chancery :

Sir Charles Burrell get Swann to vote Penryn a mean Borough :
 Hume, if worsted at Brechin, be brought in for Queenborough :
 Lamb or Scarlett the fire of a Tory great gun dread :
 Sumner get the accounts of the whole Orphans' Fund read :
 Ridley not grudge young Statesmen a snug Naval Nursery,
 Or Cam Hobhouse preside at the Pitt Anniversary :
 Thanks to Hulton and Nadin be mov'd by Sir Francis ;
 Or Ricardo and Maberly swear by what Van says :
 Ure impugn the Scotch Burghs in a labour'd analysis,
 And Lord Archibald vote for erecting two palaces :
 Sir James Graham not know what the contents of a Bill are ;
 Or Sir Christopher Robinson quote from Joe Miller :
 The Insolvent Committee keep Shelley from Epsom :
 Davies Gilbert buy jewels, and give *demi-reps* some ;
 Or a motion of Tierney's be thinly attended ;
 Or a speech made by Ward, that's not pow'rful and splendid !

Having written thus far, my chief cause for repentance is,
 That I only have room now for one or two sentences :
 Such a trifle as this very lamely declares
 Hume's vast and deep knowledge on Eastern affairs—

'T would in time take a month, and a pamphlet in size,
 To declare how his labours on India we prize—
 But to ages unborn they will not be a mystery,
 For they're proudly embalm'd in the pages of history.

To inflict silly rhymes, (after such a long silence),
 Which, engross'd by attorneys, would reach half a mile hence,
 (Where the dulness is mine, and the pleasantry cribb'd) is
 Like the man, who from Scylla fell into Charybdis—
 Any bribe I could offer, would fail to create a zest
 For a *postscript*: you'd stop me with, *ohé! jam satis est*,
 And perhaps, like the Pope, lay me under interdict:
 You shall now be impannell'd, and bring in *your* verdict,
 Which I think I could venture to guess a *priori*,
 Though your Jury were Special—half Whig, and half Tory.

You'll admit, without much disputation or cavil,
 That Hume's downright, as Shippen, and honest, as Savile:
 Though not Chancellor—*Custos*—of Britain's Exchequer,
 And as rigid a friend to retrenchment, as Necker:
 Though his statements are seldom confus'd, vague, or loose,
 He too greedily swallows each tale of abuse:

Nothing prompts him to flinch from a case, weak or strong :

Persevering when right : pertinacious when wrong :

In reply, you might just as well preach to the wind,

As attempt to move *him*, when he's made up his mind :

He should keep from all bias his judgment aloof,

So as not to confound accusation with proof ;

But his temper, no joke could provoke or affront :

And his industry no mass of dulness can blunt :

His speeches are business-like, sensible, clear ;

Big with truths, it's important the Country should hear :

Home truths, which he scorns to disguise or to soften ;

And the only fault is, that he tells them too often.

If he spoke in our days half as much, even Cicero,

Looking round on his audience, would frequently miss a row.

But his zeal, worth, and talent, are plac'd beyond doubt—

Those who don't like him *in*, yet can scarce wish him *out*—

E'en some *Tory* Electors would give him a plumper,

And (like us) drink him health, and success, in a bumper !

Now, for fear you should think—(*vide* Horace—First Satire)

I had borrow'd Crispinus's method and matter,

(Which a *Tory*, perhaps, would translate, Peter Moore's)

I shall now end abruptly, with, Faithfully yours.

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